A DREAMER IN THE GRASS.

Far away the toilers reap;
But in grasses cool an' deep
Winds are singin' me to sleep.

An' the river, as it streams
In the shadows an' the gleams,
Ripples music through my dreams.

Far away the noisy town
Where the clouds o' traffic frown;
Here, the blossoms bendin' down.

Here the winds sweep o'er the plains;
Here the bee the honey drains;
Here, the tinkle o' the rains.

Here the waters as they pass
By the dreamer in the grass
Are the lily's lookin' glass.

What's a city? Bricks an' towers,
Where they toll the heavy hours;
Here's a kingdom in the flowers!

Here forever let me be
Where the river sings to sea,
With God's blue sky coverin' me!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Herbert had thoroughly reviewed the matter in his mind and had come to the conclusion that with the banker safely out of the way and the guilt fixed on Angus in no uncertain manner he would be able to make Clara Hill his wife. Notwithstanding all he had heard her say, it was still his opinion that it was his uncle's wealth alone that induced her to accept his proposal; but how would the removal help him, in respect to wealth? Fannie would inherit all.

Perhaps it would be best to win Fannie or coerce her into marrying him; but she was engaged to marry Clarence, and the squire and Clarence would be more than he could overcome.

He must have their friendship, for he would need them both.

How, then, could his uncle's wealth become his? Remove Fannie also? No, that would never do.

One murder might be successfully carried through, but two, not at this time—and then there might be other heirs who would inherit equally with him—but, stay, there was the banker's will among his private papers in the vault at the bank! He had told him where they might be found in case of his sudden death.

The first thing was to inspect that will, and that he would do before making further plans.

Clara Hill returned to Orton a week after having accepted the proposal of Mr. Loyd, and it is safe to say that as the Sunshine passed the locality where she had fallen overboard Angus Bruce was the one who occupied her thoughts. He had been seldom from her mind since the moment when she had heard him exclaim, as she was sinking down into the river's depths for the last time:

"Courage! Courage! Clara Belle!" and she thought how instantly she had felt "I am saved!" and of the strong arms of the brave Scot as he clasped her in them and dragged her back from death.

"He has won my love nobly," she thought. "I am untrue to womanhood, but he cannot have my hand."

When she arrived at Orton she found her father and Clarence very happy over the state of affairs. Mr. Loyd and herself had written them of the engagement.

"This is well, Clara," said the squire, as they were riding from the landing to the house. "You will be the fairest and wealthiest bride in the old North state. Loyd has wealth enough, but your mother has no small dower for you, and you shan't leave Orton unremembered by your father.

"I wish you to select two young negroes, a male and female, from Orton—any two that may please you. The girl bring into the house at once and let your mother and Aunt Eliza begin training her for a housemaid; the boy, Clarence and Corbett can drill in the care of horses. Thus you will always have around you two servants whom you know you can trust, and you shall have a bill of sale for them, receipted, they go with you—yes, daughter, and horses, and cows, and anything in Orton, that your heart desires; you will be at the top of the ladder, child. Are you happy?"

"No, father, not happy, and yet, I can't say unhappy. I know that Mr. Loyd loves me for myself alone, and not for any aggrandizement he expects to obtain to his wealth, by obtaining me for his wife. I told him that all your wealth went to your eldest son, and he said, 'that having me, he considered that he had the greatest part of it.'"

"Why he has, so he has; and his daughter shall be mistress of the rest; two splendid marriages."

"But, father, I came very near being the bride of death."

"Yes, yes! and Bruce stopped here going out and never spoke of it; feared to worry us, I suppose, and the next day your letter told us all about it—a brave and trusty man is Angus Bruce. I owe him a debt that I can never repay, but I can reward him well."

"Speak not of rewarding Angus, father. You would insult a noble soul. But one object would reward Angus Bruce, and that he will not seek."

"And that, Clara?"

"Is your daughter's hand; he has her love."

"Clara! you love Angus Bruce?"

"Yes, father, yes; and he loves me, I know. It is a love of which a princess might be proud. If you had heard his cry when I sank beneath his waves."

"I can't blame the lad; I can't blame him. It is well you are to wed so soon."

Mrs. Hill did not seem as enthusiastic over the coming marriage as did her husband and Clarence, and in the weeks that intervened between the time of the engagement and the first of June, while preparations were being made for the double wedding, often said:

"Daughter, if you think you will not be happy, revoke your pledge to become his wife."

"No, mother, I will marry Mr. Loyd, though I know if I told him I desired to be released he would release me, but I do not desire it."

"Daughter, I would be willing you should marry Capt. Bruce rather than see you live a life of misery."

"I know, dear mother, but father and my brother Clarence would rather see me in the grave than wedded to a pilot's son. I shall not live a life of misery, but I shall always in my inmost heart carry the image of Angus Bruce. Now, mother, pray, let us speak no more of that."

The next day all of the young darkies on the place were assembled in front of the mansion, and Clara, assisted by her mother, selected Millie, a bright, smart girl of 15 years, who was at once brought into the house and placed under tutelage, in order that she might in time be competent to look after the wardrobe of her young mistress.

Caleb, three years the senior o Millie and a grandson of old Uncle Jobe, was selected as her future coachman.

"Das you, honey! Das you, Miss Clary!" exclaimed Uncle Jobe, as he felt the honor conferred. "You jus' stick to the ole stock. D'as 'liable, da is, ain't da, marster?"

"Yes, Jobe, I believe they are—liable to get mixed up with alligators."

"Now, g'long, marster, g'long! Isn't you neber gwine to let loose 'bout dat 'gator?"

Angus Bruce, when he passed out the mouth of the river on the trip down with the cargo for Charleston, reached his destination safely and now was on the open sea, bound for Beaufort, and as his schooner scudded along before the wind the times were not infrequent when he took from beneath the bosom of his vest a golden locket. The small chain was around his neck, and as his big brown hand unclasped the locket and he gazed down into the deep blue eyes of Clara Hill tears filled his own, and many a time he pressed the miniature to his lips and uttered the words:

"I saved you, Clara Belle; thank God, I saved you, if even for another."

CHAPTER VI.

"IT WILL GO HARD THEN, BUT I WILL HAVE YOUR HAND."

The last day of May arrived and found all preparations completed for the two marriages which were to take place the evening of the ensuing day.

Mr. Loyd and Fannie were to come down on the Sunshine, which had been especially chartered to convey both themselves and friends of the contracting parties to Orton.

Clarence Hill was happy as a lark, and Fannie, who would soon be his bride, was not less so.

Clara had not looked back since plighting her troth to the banker, nor would she have recalled her pledge could she really have done so.

As to the banker, he was very happy in his quiet way; very proud of the splendid girl who would so soon become mistress of his home and heart. But his mind was sometimes filled with misgivings as he thought of the difference between their ages, and he asked himself the question:

"Am I doing this young girl an injustice in making her my wife? Can she be happy as the wife of a man so many years her senior?"

Never did he question if he should be happy. He doubted not his happiness. It would lie in contributing to that of his fair young bride, and, knowing the high character of Clara, he was satisfied that she would not marry where she feared for the happiness of the future.

Abner Hill was well satisfied with the outlook for his son and daughter, and his wife was pleased if only her children were happy.

Clara had written a letter that day that she was very anxious Fannie should receive before coming down the river on the morrow, and at five o'clock she had her pony saddled and brought to the door, and she was soon mounted and cantering in the direction of the landing, with the idea that she would be able to intercept the Sunshine, which she knew was down the river, and should be coming back at this time, but to her dismay the Sunshine passed up without halting, when she was yet several hundred yards from the wharf.

Clara was about to turn back, when she noticed the sails of a schooner, flapping almost idly in the air opposite the wharf.

"This schooner may suit my purpose," she thought, as she hastened down.

Arrived at the landing she recognized the Clara Belle, and, as the schooner was but 40 or 50 yards out in the stream, the form of Angus Bruce upon the deck.

There was no air stirring, and the tide, being at low ebb, they were becalmed and making no headway. Angus evidently recognized Clara as she rode upon the dock, for he raised his hat.

Clara hesitated about signaling him, believing it not well that they should meet again. "But this letter," she thought, "must reach Fannie, and this may be my last opportunity. I must signal the Clara Belle; Angus may send the mate or one of his sailors ashore."

She waved a handkerchief, a boat was lowered from the schooner and Angus descended into it, accompanied by two sailors, who speedily pulled away for the landing, and he was soon standing by the side of the girl he loved.

Clara had dismounted and was holding the rein of Chub in one hand, and her letter in the other.

"Good evening, Miss Hill; it was a pleasure to receive your signal."

"Thanks, my brave rescuer; I almost feared to signal you, for fear I should detain you, but I was so anxious that Fannie Loyd should have this letter to-night, or at early dawn to-morrow, and the Sunshine escaped my vigilance."

"I am truly glad it did, Miss Hill. Please do not think me bold, but it gives me an opportunity to look upon your face once more, and as for signaling, never hesitate to signal Angus Bruce; it will not be trifles that keep him from responding; besides, Miss Hill, we are becalmed, and will gain no headway for another hour, unless the breeze stiffens. At six o'clock the tide will be running up, and, as we have no cargo aboard, we may reach Wilmington, and your letter the hands of Miss Loyd, by 11 at most."

"Oh, captain! I shall thank you so much."

"No thanks are required for anything I can do for you, Miss Hill."

"But still, I thank you, captain, and here is the letter for Miss Fannie."

"I myself will place it in her hands," said Angus, "but if there is an answer, she had best send it by the Sunshine, I will be detained to ship a cargo."

"There will be no reply, captain, except in person, for Fannie will be here to-morrow night—know you not of the weddings?"

"True, Miss Hill, I heard that your brother, Clarence, and Miss Loyd would marry; is it so soon?"

"Yes, captain, but did you hear of no other marriage that would occur at the same time and place?"

"No, Miss Hill, I have been but little in the Cape Fear recently. Pray, who else will wed?"

"Captain, when you next see me, I shall have changed my name—I will then be Clara Loyd."

Clara's face reddened as she spoke the words, but Angus paled to the very lips, as he exclaimed:

"You, Clara! you! Loyd! what Loyd?—I knew not that John Loyd had a son."

"It is John Loyd, the banker—Fannie's father—that I wed to-morrow night, captain."

"Here! Clara Belle, take back the image of the one I loved!" and Angus snatched from his neck the slender golden chain, and the locket from his breast; "but no! no! what am I saying? I will keep it ever as a memento of the girl I saved from the river's depths, in order that she might sell herself for gold—Good-by, Clara Hill—No, Clara Loyd—Ha! Ha!" and Angus staggered like a man who has received a heavy blow, towards his boat.

"Angus! Angus!" wailed Clara.

"Yes, Clara! yes, Miss Hill! forgive me. All within now seems dead; but how could I have hoped to gain your hand, and yet, gazing at the contents

She waved a handkerchief.

of this little locket day after day, night after night, I had grown to hope—wealth, I am fast accumulating—and a name I will carve out in time, not second to that of John Loyd, if you will—in the natural attributes of man, I scarcely think I am inferior to a man who is going down the shady side of life. John Loyd had hardly snatched you from the treacherous current of the river, when his nephew stood as helpless as a child, and saw your young life going, but I am but a pilot's son, while John Loyd is a banker!"

"Oh, Angus! cease. I could not be disloyal to my father's will."

"But you do not love John Loyd?"

"I respect and honor him."

"No more, and yet you wed him?"

"Angus! Angus! why torture me, I would place a barrier between myself and the man I love, but cannot wed."

"And that man?"

"Is the pilot's son."

"Oh, Clara Belle! Clara Belle! Have I your heart? It will go hard then, but I will have your hand."

"Impossible, I wed John Loyd to-morrow; and now, good-by."

"Good-by, my Clara Belle," and Angus Bruce pressed the hand of Clara to his lips, hastily entered his boat, and soon stood on his schooner's deck watching the fast receding form of the planter's daughter.

CHAPTER VII.

"THAT, I SUPPOSE, WOULD BE CALLED DOCTORING A WILL."

John Loyd did not visit the Carolina bank on the 30th of May. All his time was occupied in preparing for the morrow.

Herbert Lathrop was at his usual station at the cashier's window until the bank closed at four o'clock, when he went home.

He ascended the stairs to his room, closed and locked the door after he had entered; then he unlocked his trunk, and took therefrom a sheath-knife. The blade was fully six inches long, and was sharpened fit to cut a hair in twain, even if suspended in the air. The handle was of bone.

He glanced along the keen edge of the blade. "Ah, Uncle John, this night your lease of life runs out—the mine will soon explode.

"What matters if my hand be stained with blood, so I but thwart your purpose, and leave smooth water for myself to swim in. And Angus Bruce, I cannot wait for you—you will swing clear—I have told Murchison and all the rest holding turpentine or cotton that now was the time to sell, thinking that some of them would charter Bruce, and I could get him here; but not so. The murder must seem the work of robbers, who undertook to burglarize the house.

"After supper a trip to the bank to examine the will—and then, my uncle, while you soundly sleep, this slender blade shall cut your life in twain."

The knife was restored to the trunk, and at the supper table Herbert appeared almost in his usual serene frame of mind; if otherwise, father and daughter were so full of thoughts of the morrow, that they would have observed no change in him.

"Did you charter the Sunshine, Herbert?"

"Yes, Uncle John, and Harper will be ready to cast off lines at the time desired."

At eight o'clock Herbert ascended the steps to the bank, unlocked the door and entered. The iron blinds to the windows were closed and securely fastened.

He lighted two oil lamps and placed them on a desk, then unlocked the vault, opened a small compartment and took therefrom a tin box of rather small dimensions.

He next seated himself at the desk and took out the contents, which consisted of several packages of papers tied together with tape.

The first one he opened consisted of insurance policies.

The second, mortgages and notes.

The third, deeds to real estate, with bills of sale of several negroes owned by the banker.

There was yet another package of miscellaneous papers, and in the very bottom of the box lay a yellow envelope, on which was inscribed:

"Last will and testament of John Loyd."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE NEEDED REST.

How Amaryllis Convinced Her of the Fact.

"You ought to go away for a rest," said Amaryllis, as I threw myself down on her many-cushioned divan. Then, with the frankness of true friendship, she remarked: "Your eyes have big, black rings around 'em and you are the color of lead. I think you need a rest!"

"I am taking iron, Amaryllis," I said, with a show of spirit.

"You look as if you were taking typhoid malaria by the bottle," retorted my flattering friend, scornfully. "Do you know what will happen to you if you continue in your mad career? Well, I'll tell you a story.

"Awhile ago a nice little woman walked to the edge of one of our piers and just dropped off. There were no domestic or other troubles to drive her to desperation, but the water fascinated her with its look of rest, and she was so tired! I tell you this weariness of life is a bitter thing. The brain seems to slip a cog, and all the world is out of joint. When we are filled with a hunger for rest, for change, for the opportunity of getting away and going somewhere, even drowning is alluring. This is the holiday point—the time when we must take a vacation or break down. It is a terrible thing to be thus tired, for in such condition neither man nor woman is in fit state to judge wisely or well of anything. When a woman is just a little tired she can lie down and go to sleep, but when she is tired out, mentally and spiritually as well as physically, she must do something; must exert herself restlessly in order to obtain rest. This is a wing feather of a glorious truth."

"I'll go away," I said, feebly.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Common Streets in 1848.

"Cleveland is at the northern termination of the canal," wrote Henry Howe in 1848 in his "Historical Collections." "Some of the common streets are 100 feet wide, and the principal business one, Main street (meaning Superior) has the extraordinary width of 132 feet. It is one of the most beautiful towns in the union, and much taste is displayed in the private dwellings and disposition of shrubbery. The location is dry and healthy, and the meanderings of the Cuyahoga river, and of the steamboats and the shipping in the port, and leaving or entering it, and of the numerous vessels on the lake under sail, presents a prospect exceedingly interesting from the high shore of the lake. Near the center of the place is a public square of ten acres, divided into four parts by intersecting streets, neatly inclosed and shaded with trees."—Albany Argus.

Accommodating Station Master.

A gentleman recently returned from traveling in England brought back the following story, which he tells with such hearty laughter as to make one believe that to have seen the incident were better than to read about it:

The engineer of a train, or rather driver, as they call him in England, not shutting off steam soon enough, ran his train some distance past the station. He backed down again, but either through carelessness or defective machinery his engine ran some distance the other way. The station master, exceedingly wroth at the first miscalculation, was simply spluttering with wrath at the second, and running down the track he yelled out:

"Hold on, there! Stop where you are! We'll just shift the station up to you, being as you can't get up to it."—Harper's Round Table.

What Is Needed?

"It isn't pneumatic tires that we need," he said, as he picked himself up.

"No?" she returned, inquiringly.

"Not a bit of it," he answered.

"Might I ask what is wanted?" she asked.

"Possibly a wheel that is pneumatic throughout would—"

"Not at all," he interrupted. "My experience teaches me that what is really needed is something in the line of pneumatic riders. The fact that the machine has an air cushion doesn't help me when I take a header."—Chicago Post.

HAD A BAD TOOTHACHE.

Some Symptoms of a Bad Temper Accompanied the Complaint.

People who never had a toothache cannot appreciate this story. And people who never had a toothache have no business to brag about their salvation's being secure.

The man of this story went to the drug clerk of one of the oldest houses in the city. This is only an incident. He went there because it was nearer than any other drug store.

"I want something," said the sufferer, "to ease my aching tooth. My dentist is out of the city to-day, and I only want to get something that will stop the pain until he comes back."

That was a cowardly lie. He knew he had no dentist. He knew that he had suffered at intervals with that tooth for years, and because he was afraid of a dentist. But he did not want the drug man to think he was a coward. So he invented this lie in order to get anything that would give him a surcease from pain for the time. He knew if he could do that he would sit down alone somewhere and chuckle to himself that he had won another victory over an old tooth and without seeing a dentist. And he could say, as he had said before to others: "I did not have to go to a dentist. I am my own dentist." There is nothing a man can do of which he will be prouder than knocking out a toothache without resorting to the dentist.

"Which tooth is it?" asked the man in the drug store.

"I don't see what difference that makes to you. Isn't it enough for you to know that I have a toothache?"

"If the tooth aching is a back one and has a cavity it can be treated with more ease, and I might give you something different for such a tooth. Now, if it is a front—"

"Well, it is not a front one. You guessed it right in the first place. It is a back tooth—a wreck at that—and it has a cavity as big as a water main. Now, what else do you want to know?"

"How long have you had it?"

"Had what—the toothache or the cavity?"

"The toothache."

"Always had it. It was aching when it cut it's way through the gum. It has never done anything but ache."

"You said your dentist is treating it?"

"Yes, I did say that. Dog take it, man, what of that? It has taken me 40 years to conclude to have it treated."

"If a tooth of mine acted like that I would have it out."

"Would you? Say, did you ever have a toothache, and what has this to do with your giving me something for this tooth of mine? What is it to me what you would do?"

"I am fixing you something now that will give you relief until your dentist comes back."

The man with the aching molar chuckled.

"Here is your medicine."

"Well, any directions on the bottle?"

"No. If you have had a toothache often you will know how to use it. Of course you won't drink it."

"Well, I have taken drinks for it."

"You never swallowed anything like this. If you had you wouldn't be here now."

"Is that so? What is it, poison? Why don't you put the skull and crossbones on that label? I'll have you arrested."

"You take a little cotton, saturate it with this, and put the cotton in the cavity, and this will give you rest until your dentist returns."

"Well, what is it? I want to know what I am taking for a toothache. You druggists kill more people than the Brooklyn trolley lines. Have you got any cotton to go with it?"

"I can give you some cotton."

"I don't ask you to give it to me. I'l pay."

"Oh, no. We always give a pinch of cotton with a bottle of this medicine."

"Pinch be blowed! I want a bale of it, and I want about a gallon of this remedy; the old thing is just killing me now."

The druggist gave him a ball of cotton and the customer literally rushed out, forgetting to pick up his change.

"What did you give him?" we asked.

"Water and peppermint."

The next day the customer was on Fifth avenue when he met a friend, to whom he said:

"I've kept a dentist from making a fee. I don't believe in rushing to a tooth carpenter when I have a toothache. I am my own dentist. I've won again, old man. Cost me a quarter. Let's go in and blow in the difference."—N. Y. Sun.

Fashionable Buttons.

Nearly all the elegant buttons are now shown in three distinct sizes designed for one costume. Many of the smaller buttons are veritable jewels in their artistic beauty of color and design, and they are set exactly like actual gems on low mountings of whitened silver or pure gold or pearl. Jet, plomb-colored enamel and bronze buttons set in riveted points are all familiar styles. Some of the handsome jet and iridescent cord passementeries have buttons to match which are not intended to have any strain upon them, but are merely used as decorations all over the cloth or other costume.—St. Louis Republic.

Cream Tomato Soup.

Cream tomato soup is delicious, if properly made and seasoned. Select perfect tomatoes and boil them until they can be easily pressed through a strainer. Add a pinch of soda to make them very light. Beat briskly and stir in as much sweet milk as you want soup. Sprinkle in salt and white pepper and serve at once.—Boston Budget.

An Apple Cream.

Pare, core and slice two pounds of apples, add the grated rind of a lemon, a gill of water and five ounces of castor sugar. Stew until tender, rub through a sieve, add a pint of cream. Mix well and serve in a glass dish.—St. James Gazette.

HUMOROUS.

—She—"Was the piece well done?" He—"Oh, yes; the critics roasted it."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Willie—"Are you the nearest relative I've got, mamma?" Mother—"Yes, love; and your pa is the closest relative you've got."—Tit-Bits.

—"Darling," said she, "do you love me as much as ever!" "Yes, dearie," said he, with his nose buried in his newspaper. That ought to have satisfied her, but she had to ask: "Why?" "O, I dunno. Habit, I guess."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—"Dishere am de time o' y'ah," said Uncle Eben, "when char'ty counts. Er man kin show de practical side of 'is nature by leffin' de formometer alone, an' puttin' down er few maisurements o' de cold wedder in 'is eheck book."—Washington Star.

—"What made your future son-in-law go away just now with such a disappointed mien? Have you quarreled?" "Oh, no. We merely confessed to each other our debts."—Fliengende Blatter.

—Miss Passey—"I think this talk about apendicitis is all nonsense. Why, when I was a child, I used to swallow grape seeds and all sorts of things without the slightest bad effect." Miss Rosebud—"Yes, but you must remember that appendicitis hadn't been invented then."—Brooklyn Life.

—"My mither sent me to see if you wad gie her a calendar like the ane you gied to Mrs. Mackay," said a boy to a grocer in the village. "But my little boy," replied the grocer, "your mother does not get her groceries here." "No," replied the boy, "but she borrows them from Mrs. Mackay, and Mrs. Mackay gets them frae you."—Household Words.

NO BOTTOMLESS LAKES.

The Deepest Are Less Than 2,500 Feet.

The deepest body of fresh water in America is Crater lake, Ore. Only one lake in the world, Lake Baikal, exceeds it in depth, and it is only 400 feet deeper. Until recently it was asserted Crater lake was bottomless, but soundings have shown its greatest depth to be 2,000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. No fish have ever been known to exist in Crater lake. Recently a club of mountain climbers, with headquarters at Portland, sent to Washington a request that Crater lake be stocked with trout, and the government experts are going to find out if such a scheme is practicable. It is easy enough to put trout into the water, but the question is if there is sufficient food in the water to nourish them after they are there. The experts will tow small gauze nets over the water at all hours of the day. Animalculae will catch in the gauze, and from its abundance or lack it can be ascertained if the water contains nourishment.

An interesting series of experiments will also be undertaken to ascertain the temperature of the water at various depths. No such observations have ever been taken of fresh water so far down. With this end in view a full equipment of self registering thermometers and supplementary apparatus will be taken along and let down with sounding lines. There are very few places in the lake where the depth is less than 1,600 feet, and no lake on the western hemisphere approaches this.

It is no wonder, then, that Crater lake was supposed to be bottomless. However, the truth is that all lakes over 150 feet deep possess a similar reputation. Any body of water that is deeper than the length of the longest feeling line is sure to lack a bottom in the popular belief. A first-rate example of this sort of delusion is afforded by Lafayette lake, in Idaho. It was formerly imagined to be bottomless, and later its depth was officially stated to be 2,600 feet. Recent investigation proves that its greatest depth is 305 feet. There is no data on which to base a guess as to the bottom of Crater lake, but the supposition is that it will be very little above the freezing. The temperature of the ocean remains at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, even in the tropics. Nevertheless, some volcanic heat may yet remain to warm the waters of Crater lake.—Chicago News.

A Chinese Proclamation.

There being no signal service in China, the authorities, in case of a protracted drought, rely upon the gods for relief. Recently the following proclamation was issued by a magistrate, in the hopes of procuring a shower: "Obeying my superiors, this proclamation is issued, and again we beseech the favor of Heaven. Sheep, hogs and all such animals must not be slaughtered, nor must there be any barter in them. Chickens, ducks, fish and shrimps must not be sold for food. Onions and garlic must not be eaten. Let no one lightly or negligently regard this. If anyone purposely disregards this proclamation he will be brought before the magistrate and beaten."—N. Y. Sun.

Straight to the Point.

A lady having made an appointment to meet her daughter in a large drapery establishment and arriving too soon, occupied her mind in pricing goods in the blanket department. After half an hour had elapsed and bale after bale had been turned out she said:

"Don't trouble showing me any more. I only came in to meet a friend."

"Madam," replied the shopman, in solemn tones, "if you think there is the slightest chance of your friend being among the blankets, I'll be happy to turn them over again!"—Scottish Nights.

They Impressed Him.

Mr. N. Thoozer (soliloquizing)—Blinks, blubs, derks, shallums, plocks, zuzzies, freems, joojoos, rupti—

Mrs. Thoozer—What on earth are you talking about, Edward?

Thoozer—Oh, nothing. I was just trying to remember some words I saw in a bicycle catalogue to-day that I had never met with before.—N. Y. Journal.